Moore. No more great Empreſſe, *Baſianus* comes,
Be croſſe with him, and Ile goe fetch thy ſonnes
To backe thy quarrell what ſoere they be.
Baſsia. Who haue we heere? Romes royall Empreſſe,
Vnfurniſht of our well beſeeming troope?
Or is it *Dian* habited like her,
Who hath abandoned her holy Groues,
To ſee the generall hunting in this Forreſt?
Tamora. Sawcie controuler of our priuate ſteps,
Had I the power, that ſome ſay *Dian* had,
Thy temples ſhould be planted preſently,
With hornes as was *Acteons*, and the hounds,
Should driue vpon his new transformed limbes,
Vnmannerly intruder as thou art.
Lauinia. Vnder your patience gentle Empreſſe,
Tis thought you haue a goodly gift in horning,
And to be doubted that your *Moore* and you,
Are ſingled forth to try experiments:
Ioue ſhield your husband from his hounds to day,
Tis pitty they ſhould take him for a Stag.
Baſtian. Beleeue me Queene your ſwarty Cymerion,
Doth make your honour of his bodies hue,
Spotted, deteſted, and abhominable.
Why are you ſequeſtred from all your traine?
Diſmounted from your ſnow white goodly ſteed,
And wandred hither to an obſcure plot,
Accompanied with a barbarous *Moore*,
If foule deſire had not conducted you?
Lauinia. And being intercepted in your ſport,
Great reaſon that my noble Lord be rated
For ſauſines, I pray you let vs hence,
And let her ioy her Rauen coloured loue,
This valley fits the purpoſe paſſing well.
Baſsia. The King my brother ſhall haue notice of this.

Lauinia.

Lauinia. I, for theſe ſlips haue made him noted long,
Good King to be ſo mightily abuſed.
Queene. Why I haue patience to endure all this.

Enter Chiron and Demetrius.

Dem. How now deere ſoueraigne & our gracious mother
Why doth your Highnes looke ſo pale and wan?
Queene. Haue I not reaſon think e you to looke pale
Theſe two haue tyced me hither to this place,
A barren, deteſted vale you ſee it is,
The trees though Sommer, yet forlorne and leane,
Orecome with moſſe and balefull Miſſelto.
Heere neuer ſhines the Sunne, heere nothing breeds,
Vnleſſe the nightly Owle or fatall Rauen:
And when they ſhowd me this abhorred pit,
They told me heere at dead time of the night,
A thouſand feinds, a thouſand hiſſing ſnakes,
Ten thouſand ſwelling toades, as many vrchins,
Would make ſuch fearefull and confuſed cries,
As any mortall body hearing it
Should ſtraite fall mad, or elſe die ſuddainely.
No ſooner had they told this helliſh tale,
But ſtrait they told me they would binde me heere,
Vnto the body of a diſmall Ewe,
And leaue me to this miſerable death.
And then they call d me foule adultereſſe,
Laſciuious Goth, and all the bittereſt tearmes,
That euer eare did heare to ſuch effect.
And had you not by wondrous fortune come,
This vengeance on me had they executed:
Reuenge it as you loue your mothers life,
Or be ye not henceforth cald my children.
Demet. This is a witnes that I am thy ſonne. *ſtab him.*
Chiron. And this for me ſtrook home to ſhew my ſtrength
Lauinia. I come Semeramis, nay Barberous Tamora.